

be thoroughly sifted, so that America may not incur the reproach of exhibiting to the crowds that will rush to Chicago relics which are worthy to be classed only with the wooden nutmegs of evil repute.

X. Y. Z.

The First Account of the Grand Falls of Labrador.

THE pleasure of reading Mr. Henry G. Bryant's interesting article on the Labrador Falls, which appeared in *THE CENTURY* for September, is, I think, somewhat marred by reason of the very brief reference made by Mr. Bryant to the circumstances of the discovery of the falls, and the impression thereby conveyed to the public that there is no record of McLean's visit to the falls, except the traditionary story known to the Hudson's Bay Company; whereas the discoverer, John McLean (not McLane), in his book entitled "Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory," gives the following description of the scene as it appeared to him when he first saw the locality in August, 1839:

About six miles above the falls the river suddenly contracts from a width of from four hundred to six hundred yards, to about one hundred yards, then, rushing along in a continuous foaming rapid, finally contracts to a breadth of about fifty yards ere it precipitates itself over the rock which forms the fall, when still roaring and foaming it continues its maddened course for about a distance of thirty miles, pent up between walls of rock that sometimes rise to the height of three hundred feet on either side. This stupendous fall exceeds in height the Falls of Niagara, but bears no comparison to that sublime object in any other respect, being nearly hidden from the view by the abrupt angle which the rocks form immediately beneath it. If not seen, however, it is felt. Such is the extraordinary force with which it tumbles into the abyss beneath that we felt the solid rock shake under our feet, as we stood two hundred feet above the gulf. A dense cloud of vapour, which can be seen at a great distance in clear weather, hangs over the spot. From the fall to the foot of the rapid, a distance of about thirty miles, the zigzag course of the river presents such sharp angles that you see nothing of it until within a few yards of its banks. Might not this circumstance lead the geologist to the conclusion that the fall had receded this distance? The mind shrinks from the contemplation of a subject that carries it back to a period of time so remote; for if the rock (syenite) always possessed its present solidity and hardness, the action of the water alone might require millions of years to produce such a result.

Thus it will be seen that we have reliable information regarding McLean's discovery, not mere tradition.

A. H. Whitcher.

William Thorne.

PERHAPS the one great advantage which the Académie Julian possesses over its rival, the Beaux Arts, is its eclecticism, although that eclecticism is possibly not complete, for impressionism as exemplified in the work of Monet would hardly find favor with the Julian professors. What I mean is, that while the traditions of the Académie are nobly upheld by Le Febvre and Laurens, the modern spirit in art is fairly well represented by Doucet. It is but natural, however, that an earnest and conscientious student, venerating, as he must, the skill and knowledge of Le Febvre and Laurens, should be disposed to yield to their overmastering influence, much as he may be attracted by the light and joyousness of the modern movement. It is as well that it should be so, for there are few greater

masters of the human form than they, certainly no better workmen; and I have little faith in the originality or individuality of the artist under thirty. The history of art teaches that style and individuality are the ripe fruit of years of following a stronger and more "knowledgeable" master or masters.

In Mr. Thorne's "Purity," printed on page 560, one sees an honest following of the traditions of the Académie, together with a reaching out toward the more modern. The picture has much of the quality of Le Febvre, much of his excellent drawing and workman-like putting on of paint; it shows also that impulse toward tenderness, sentiment, and light which is affecting all the younger painters.

Mr. Thorne has but lately returned from Paris, where he has studied since 1889 in the Julian school under Le Febvre, Constant, Doucet, and Laurens. He won an honorable mention at the Salon of 1891, and was an exhibitor in the Champs Elysées Salon in 1890. He was born in Delavan, Wisconsin, in 1863. His first instruction in art was at the National Academy of Design in New York, where he received a first medal for drawing.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Abraham Lincoln's Last Hours.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ARMY SURGEON PRESENT AT THE ASSASSINATION, DEATH, AND AUTOPSY.

THE notes from which this article is written were made the day succeeding Mr. Lincoln's death, and immediately after the official examination of the body. They were made, by direction of Secretary Stanton, for the purpose of preserving an official account of the circumstances attending the assassination, in connection with the medical aspects of the case.

On the fourth anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, the beloved President, his great heart filled with peaceful thoughts and charity for all, entered Ford's Theater amid the acclamations of the loyal multitude assembled to greet him. Mr. Lincoln sat in a high-backed upholstered chair in the corner of his box nearest the audience, and only his left profile was visible to most of the audience; but from where I sat, almost under the box, in the front row of orchestra chairs, I could see him plainly. Mrs. Lincoln rested her hand on his knee much of the time, and often called his attention to some humorous situation on the stage. She seemed to take great pleasure in witnessing his enjoyment.

All went on pleasantly until half-past ten o'clock, when, during the second scene of the third act, the sharp report of a pistol rang through the house. The report seemed to proceed from behind the scenes on the right of the stage, and behind the President's box. While it startled every one in the audience, it was evidently accepted by all as an introductory effect preceding some new situation in the play, several of which had been introduced in the earlier part of the performance. A moment afterward a hatless and white-faced man leaped from the front of the President's box down, twelve feet, to the stage. As he jumped, one of the spurs on his riding-boots caught in the folds of the flag draped over the front, and caused him to fall partly on his hands and knees as he struck the stage. Springing quickly to his feet with the suppleness of an athlete, he faced the audience for a moment as he brandished in his right hand a long knife, and shouted,



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"*Sic semper tyrannis!*" Then, with a rapid stage stride, he crossed the stage, and disappeared from view. A piercing shriek from the President's box, a repeated call for "Water! water!" and "A surgeon!" in quick succession, conveyed the truth to the almost paralyzed audience. A most terrible scene of excitement followed. With loud shouts of "Kill him!" "Lynch him!" part of the audience stampeded toward the entrance and some to the stage.

I leaped from the top of the orchestra railing in front of me upon the stage, and, announcing myself as an army surgeon, was immediately lifted up to the President's box by several gentlemen who had collected beneath. I happened to be in uniform, having passed the entire day in attending to my duties at the Signal Camp of Instruction in Georgetown, and not having had an opportunity to change my dress. The cape of a military overcoat fastened around my neck became detached in clambering into the box, and fell upon the stage. It was taken to police headquarters, together with the assassin's cap, spur, and derring, which had also been picked up, under the supposition that it belonged to him. It was recovered, weeks afterward, with much difficulty.

When I entered the box, the President was lying upon the floor surrounded by his wailing wife and several gentlemen who had entered from the private stairway and dress-circle. Assistant Surgeon Charles A. Leale, U. S. V., was in the box, and had caused the coat and waistcoat to be cut off in searching for the wound. Dr. A. F. A. King of Washington was also present, and assisted in the examination. The carriage had been ordered to remove the President to the White House, but the surgeons countermanded the order, and he was removed to a bed in a house opposite the theater. The wound in the head had been found before leaving the box, but at that time there was no blood oozing from it. When the dying President was laid upon the bed in a small but neatly furnished room opposite the theater, it was found necessary to arrange his great length diagonally upon it. The room having become speedily filled to suffocation, the officer in command of the provost guard at the theater was directed to clear it of all except the surgeons. This officer guarded the door until relieved later in the evening by General M. C. Meigs, who took charge of it the rest of the night, by direction of Mr. Stanton.

A hospital steward from Lincoln Hospital did efficient service in speedily procuring the stimulants and sinapisms ordered. The wound was then examined. A tablespoonful of diluted brandy was placed between the President's lips, but it was swallowed with much difficulty. The respiration now became labored; pulse 44, feeble; the left pupil much contracted, the right widely dilated; total insensibility to light in both. Mr. Lincoln was divested of all clothing, and mustard-plasters were placed on every inch of the anterior surface of the body from the neck to the toes. At this time the President's eyes were closed, and the lids and surrounding parts so injected with blood as to present the appearance of having been bruised. He was totally unconscious, and was breathing regularly but heavily, an occasional sigh escaping with the breath. There was scarcely a dry eye in the room, and it was the saddest and most pathetic death-bed scene I ever witnessed. Captain Robert Lincoln, of General Grant's

staff, entered the room and stood at the headboard, leaning over his dying father. At first his terrible grief overpowered him, but, soon recovering himself, he leaned his head on the shoulder of Senator Charles Sumner, and remained in silent grief during the long, terrible night.

About twenty-five minutes after the President was laid upon the bed, Surgeon-General Barnes and Dr. Robert King Stone, the family physician, arrived and took charge of the case. It was owing to Dr. Leale's quick judgment in instantly placing the almost moribund President in a recumbent position the moment he saw him in the box, that Mr. Lincoln did not expire in the theater within ten minutes from fatal syncope. At Dr. Stone's suggestion, I placed another teaspoonful of diluted brandy between the President's lips, to determine whether it could be swallowed; but as it was not, no further attempt was made.

Some difference of opinion existed as to the exact position of the ball, but the autopsy confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis upon first exploration. No further attempt was made to explore the wound. The injury was pronounced mortal. After the cessation of the bleeding, the respiration was stertorous up to the last breath, which was drawn at twenty-one minutes and fifty-five seconds past seven; the heart did not cease to beat until twenty-two minutes and ten seconds after seven. My hand was upon the President's heart, and my eye on the watch of the surgeon-general, who was standing by my side, with his finger upon the carotid. The respiration during the last thirty minutes was characterized by occasional intermissions; no respiration being made for nearly a minute, but by a convulsive effort air would gain admission to the lungs, when regular, though stertorous, respiration would go on for some seconds, followed by another period of perfect repose. The cabinet ministers and others were surrounding the death-bed, watching with suspended breath the last feeble inspiration; and as the unbroken quiet would seem to prove that life had fled, they would turn their eyes to their watches; then, as the struggling life within would force another fluttering respiration, they would heave deep sighs of relief, and fix their eyes once more upon the face of their chief.

The vitality exhibited by Mr. Lincoln was remarkable. It was the opinion of the surgeons in attendance that most patients would have died within two hours from the reception of such an injury; yet Mr. Lincoln lingered from 10:30 P. M. until 7:22 A. M.

Mrs. Lincoln (with Miss Harris, who was one of the theater party, a few other ladies, and the Rev. Dr. Gurley, Mrs. Lincoln's pastor) remained during the night in the front parlor of the house, occasionally visiting her dying husband. Whenever she sat down at the bedside, clean napkins were laid over the crimson stains on the pillow. Her last visit was most painful. As she entered the chamber and saw how the beloved features were distorted, she fell fainting to the floor. Restoratives were applied, and she was supported to the bedside, where she frantically addressed the dying man. "Love," she exclaimed, "live but for one moment to speak to me once—to speak to our children!"

When it was announced that the great heart had ceased to beat, Mr. Stanton said in solemn tones, "He now belongs to the Ages." Shortly after death, finding that the eyes were not entirely closed, one of the

young surgeons reverently placed silver half-dollars upon them. The lower jaw fell slightly, and one of the medical men bound it up with his handkerchief. Secretary Stanton pulled down the window-shades, a guard was stationed outside the door, and the martyred President was left alone.

Immediately after death, the Rev. Dr. Gurley made a fervent prayer, inaudible, at times, from the sobs of those present. As the surgeons left the house, the clergyman was again praying in the front parlor. Poor Mrs. Lincoln's moans, which came through the half-open door, were distressing to hear. She was supported by her son Robert, and was soon after taken to her carriage. As she reached the front door she glanced at the theater opposite, and exclaimed several times, "Oh, that dreadful house! that dreadful house!"

Shortly after her departure, the body of the late President, surrounded by a guard of soldiers, was removed to the White House. A dismal rain was falling on a dense mass of horror-stricken people stretching from F street to Pennsylvania Avenue. As they made a passage for the hearse bearing the beloved dead, terrible excretions and mutterings were heard. A disparaging reference to the dead President was punished by instant death. One man who ventured a shout for Jeff. Davis was set upon and nearly torn to pieces by the infuriated crowd.

During the post-mortem examination Mrs. Lincoln sent in a messenger with a request for a lock of hair.

Dr. Stone clipped one from the region of the wound, and sent it to her. I extended my hand to him in mute appeal, and received a lock stained with blood, and other surgeons present also received one.

It was my good fortune during the early part of the war to become acquainted with Mr. Lincoln. Busy as he was,—weary as he was,—with a burden of care and anxiety resting upon him such as no other President, before or since, has ever borne, he yet found time to visit the army hospitals. He came several times to the Church Hospital on H street, of which I had charge. He was always accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln. While she was distributing the flowers she had brought, Mr. Lincoln would accompany me on a tour of the ward. The convalescents stood "at attention" by their cots. He asked the name of every soldier, his State and regiment, and had a kindly and encouraging word for each one. If he came to a soldier who was above the average height, he would laughingly ask him to measure heights, back to back. He never found one there who overtopped him. Mrs. Lincoln always brought, in addition to a quantity of flowers from the White House conservatory, bottles of wine and jellies. She was a kind-hearted and sympathetic woman, and a devoted wife and mother. A gold-and-onyx initial sleeve-button that I took out of Mr. Lincoln's cuff when his shirt was hastily removed in searching for the wound, was subsequently presented to me by Mrs. Lincoln, and is still in my possession.

Charles Sabin Taft, M. D.



IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The General Opinion.

A NUMBER of men were lounging in the "Seminole Land Exchange Office," when Mr. Ferris and Colonel Morris came in. Mr. Ferris was from the North, and had been out with Colonel Morris to look at land. The two gentlemen seated themselves.

"Mr. Ferris 's been a-speaking to me about tarantulas," said Colonel Morris, with a smile. "He's heard that tarantulas are the chief product of this part of the country; that there 's more deaths by being bit with 'em than from all kinds of sickness. And"—here the Colonel made an impressive pause, and looked up toward the ceiling—"I 've been telling him that I never have known a single case where a tarantula-bite caused death. And"—here another pause—"I don't believe one of you gentlemen, who have lived here all your lives, can name an instance. You never knew of one, did you, Mr. Creeny?"

"Well, no, I can't say as ever I saw a person *die* of a tarantula-bite," responded Mr. Creeny; "but there was my wife's brother, he was a land surveyor; when he was laying out the northern part of this town he got

bit, and spite of everything he died. You must have heard of it, Colonel, at the time. 'T was some six years ago. They tried whisky and all kinds of remedies, but he died."

"Oh, well—one case, you see, in six years. Nothing more than might happen anywhere. He might have been killed some other way. There 's just how little there is to such stories. I don't suppose there 's been any other case like that in this county," said the Colonel, with a triumphant look at Mr. Ferris.

"There was my niece's youngest child," ventured an elderly man who was sitting near the door; "he was out playing round the dooryard one day last spring, and one of the pesky critters bit him; and he died 'fore we really sensed what was the matter. The doctor said, soon as he got there, that there wa'n't no use trying to do anything; that 't was a tarantula-bite."

"Well, yes, an occasional case like that, you see; and after all, it might not have been a tarantula," said the Colonel, hopefully. "Now, you see, only two cases, and one of them doubtful. You ne'er had any trouble from 'em, did you, Dunbar?"

"No," responded Mr. Dunbar—"no; we never 've